

Of Pale White Morns and Darkened Eves

Summoning

Here many days once gently past me crept
in this dear town of old forgetfulness;
here all entwined in dreams once long i slept
and heard no echo of the worlds distress For here the castle and the mighty tower,
more grey and dim than long cold autumn rain,
sleep, nor sunlit moment nor triumphal hour,
wakes their old lords too long in slumber lain. Like moments clustered in a crowded year,
todays great sadness, or tomorrows fear;
faint echoes fade within their drowsy halls
like ghost; the daylight creeps across their walls.

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